

Hating You Was Easy, Why Can't It Stay Like That?

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Hating You Was Easy, Why Can't It Stay Like That?

by Anonymous

Summary

Tubbo stared in horror. It's been a week, where was Tommy? He wasn't responding his comm and Wilbur didn't know where he was also. He couldn't help but feel the dread filling his stomach.

What happened to Tommy?

or when Tommy disappeared suddenly, Tubbo and Ranboo were the only ones who cared enough to find out what happened to their lost friend.

You don't have to read the first fic although it is a bit recommended.

Chapter 1

Tubbo frowned. It was already midnight. Tommy still hasn't responded yet. He'll wait a bit more. He knows Tommy sometimes waits a bit before responding. That being said it's be *two* hours.

Tubbo and Tommy had this thing they did with each other.

Tommy sometimes overworked himself or thought he didn't need any help. Despite what Tommy might say, he does need help. So with that they agreed with Tommy sending messages through comms with him everyday. It was a good system.

He couldn't quite convince Tommy to stay at their mansion. Tommy had absolutely refused to stay with them. He could only imagine what Tommy thought. Probably 'He doesn't need your pity shit.' Which even after years with being friends with Tommy, still hasn't convinced him that he doesn't pity him.

So that's why he is a bit worried. Despite how many times Tommy threatened to stop talking he never did. He always did comms with him. So that's why this is all so *concerning*. Tommy never does this.

Besides, who knows maybe Tommy got hurt? It's clear to anyone that a lot of people on the server hated Tommy. They didn't even try to hide it. So who is to say that they won't hurt Tommy?

He was snapped out of his thoughts when a hand was on his shoulder. He sighed looking up to Ranboo. Who was looking down at him concerned.

"Tommy is fine," Ranboo reassured, "You have to sleep."

Tubbo crossed his arms, "Let me look for Tommy first."

Ranboo just groaned, "Do that tomorrow."

"I don't know," Tubbo admitted looking to the side.

Ranboo raised an eyebrow, "Tommy would lose it that you're doubting him," Ranboo just dragged him to the couch, "Besides he can take care of himself."

Tubbo furrowed his brows, "Fine alright," Tubbo snapped his head towards Ranboo, "First thing in the morning we have to look."

Ranboo hummed leaving the room, "Of course," He could faintly hear Ranboo mumble something, "Tommy is going to lose it when he arrive at his house."

Tubbo didn't think much more as he fell asleep. The paranoia was still there however.

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When the light hit the window Tubbo was up. Already getting ready to find Tommy. He checked his comm first thing in the morning. Nothing. There was still nothing from Tommy. If this was a joke or something he's going to stab him.

Ranboo was up too. Looking too tired for this. Well he did wake up Ranboo at five am didn't he? Oh well, that's beside the point. They need to find Tommy.

Ranboo was standing by the kitchen, "Anything yet from Tommy?"

He shook his head, "He would've responded by now."

Ranboo smiled, "Let's not jump to conclusions yet," He nodded along, "Besides he hasn't died."

That true. There was no death on the comms. The latest one being from months ago. They would've known if Tommy died. That reassured him a bit. At least Tommy wasn't dead. Hopefully.

With that they left their mansion. The snow was already falling. When he exhaled you could see his breath. They were going to Tommy's house. That's probably where he is at.

Walking down the path towards the prime path was weird. It used to be bustling. People always walking or running by. Business was always near the path.

Now there was nothing. Nobody was even here. The business that used to thrive here was now abandoned. The constant chatter now being an eerie silence. Making shivers down his spine.

Ranboo had pulled out his umbrella. It was raining. Good thing they suspected it earlier.

Tubbo's eye lit up at the sight of the familiar staircase. The one leading down towards Tommy's land. Something despite the wars always stayed.

The flowers were waving with the wind. He stood in front of the hill Tommy called a home. Waiting a second before knocking on the door. There was a beat of silence. No response. That unnerved him a bit.

He knocked again this time. A bit more rushed. Once again there was only silence. He couldn't even hear anything coming from Tommy's house. He was staring to panic now.

He glanced towards Ranboo. Who seemed to be looking a bit concerned. Ok that makes things worse. Ranboo being worried?

He knocked once again. This time it was frantic. Hoping for a reponse. After once again not getting anything.

With that he just tried to open the door. Staring in horror as the door was unlocked. Tommy never leaves his house unlocked. Only when he is out doing something is when his house is unlocked.

He rushed inside. Looking for anything that Tommy was here. He searched through the house. Even going through Tommy's underground things. Still, Tommy was nowhere to be seen. No where.

His eyes were blown wide. As he sat at the table Tommy had in the middle of his house. Having to sit down.

Ranboo at one point had made sure he is ok. Ranboo sat down next to him. Staying quiet for a few minutes before speaking.

"Tommy isn't here."

He had to bite down a retort. He clenched his fist, "If the door is unlocked it means," He didn't want to say it, "It meant he never came home yesterday."

Ranboo froze. Staring at the ground for a second, "Well then we need to find who he was last with."

That actually did narrow things down a bit. Tommy didn't talk to a lot of people. The only people he could willing talk to was Ranboo and him... His mind went to one thought

"Wilbur."

Ranboo stared at him in confusion, "That's who he was with last?"

Tubbo frowned, "Most likely."

Ranboo groaned before standing up. Already looking at the door, "Off to find Mr. Soot."

Yeah he is dreading that. Wilbur was someone who he had wanted to so very avoid. He had seen Wilbur one time. When he had first revived. It had been hell. It had affected him a lot. Fueling his anger and fear that hadn't been brought up in a while.

So now he has to go see the guy? Sounds like hell. Then again Wilbur was *most* likely the last person Tommy was with.

He didn't really understand why Tommy was with the bastard. He knows Tommy hates Wilbur. He also knows that Tommy folds for Wilbur.

Despite what people might say Tommy was smart. He should know that Wilbur was lying to him all over again. Yet Tommy still chose to stay with Wilbur. Tommy had even told him that he believed Wilbur had good in him.

That sounds like Tommy was lying to himself. But he didn't say anything about it at the time.

But if Wilbur fucking Soot did anything to Tommy he's going to kill the guy.

Reaching the tundra he held his hand on his sword. He knows he sure as hell isn't welcomed here. Even if Ranboo was here with him.

Finally reaching the house he had seen once before. He took a deep breath in. Standing slightly behind Ranboo.

Ranboo knocked on the door. Unlike Tommy's the door opened right away.

There in all his glory was Philza Minecraft standing there. With his netherite armour.

He's so fucked.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Technoblade was here too? Does the world hate him? Actually he doesn't want an answer to that.

Philza first stared at Ranboo. His gaze however landed on Tubbo. Not moving from him.

Philza raised an eyebrow, "Why is Tubbo here?"

Tubbo coughed, "We're here to talk to your dear old son."

Philza's eyes narrowed, "What do you need from him?"

Ranboo laughed nervously. Tubbo just narrowed his eyes in return, "Well that's our business isn't it?"

Philza stared at him for a second more before scoffing. Letting them into the house.

Philza stared at with a glance that wasn't exactly friendly, "I should warn you Tubbo," Phil hid a smirk, "You're not exactly welcomed here."

He jolted. He couldn't back out however. Wilbur was the only person they could go to. Seriously. Nobody else would know where Tommy was. As much as this place unnerved him he couldn't just leave.

Just as he said that Wilbur came walking in. A white streak in his hair. He looked rather bored.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Wilbur questioned with narrowed eyes.

Tubbo scoffed, "I'm here to talk to Wilbur."

Wilbur's looked up at that. Glancing to him and Ranboo.

"Well what do you need?" Wilbur asked with a grin.

Phil made no move to leave the room. He didn't really want to say anything about Tommy in front of them... It seems he doesn't have a choice for this then.

He took a deep breath, "You were with Tommy last right?"

Wilbur hummed, "I was."

Tubbo eyes lit up slightly, "When did you see him last?"

Wilbur raised an eyebrow, "Like in the evening yesterday," Wilbur put a hand under his chin, "He was fixing up the place in Las Nevdas."

Tubbo felt horror fill him. Tubbo had already gone there. Two hours after Tommy didn't respond he went to Las Nevdas. He even talked to Quackity again about where Tommy was. Quackity had said the same thing as Wilbur. So Wilbur wasn't lying then...

"Why do you ask?" Wilbur questioned.

He clenched his fist. Ranboo seemed to notice holding his hand trying to comfort him. It helped a little.

Wilbur looked between the both of them, "Is there something wrong?"

Tubbo had to fight the urge to deck Wilbur in the face. Of fucking course there was something wrong.

Phil coughed breaking the silence, "Is that all?"

Tubbo tried one last time, "Are you sure you didn't see Tommy?"

The question made Wilbur tense up. Looking more cautious now. "Is something wrong with Tommy?"

He didn't answer. He didn't want to say anything. Wilbur didn't deserve to know. To see him in a panic. Worrying about his bestfriend missing.

The silence making Wilbur question further, "Where is Tommy?"

Tubbo ignored the stinging in his eyes, "None of your fucking business."

Wilbur snarled, "Of course it is," Wilbur glared at him, "Tommy is my brother."

Tubbo hissed, "We all know you're lying," He glared right back at Wilbur, "You're just trying to rope Tommy back into your shit."

Phil stood in front of Wilbur. Huh a shame. Phil clearly doesn't know what Wilbur has done. What he was done to him. What he has done to Tommy. Hell what he did to everyone.

Wilbur gritted his teeth, "Where is Tommy?"

"He's missing," He admitted. He watched as shock formed on both of their faces, "He's not dead though. Wanted to know if you knew anything."

Phil spoke up, "Does Tommy often go missing?"

He narrowed his eyes. Of course he fucking doesn't. If he did then they wouldn't be here.

"Of fucking course not," Tubbo snarled, "If you have nothing to offer us, I'm leaving."

He headed towards the door. Ignoring further questions from them. Ranboo just gave him a reassuring look before he closed the door.

He didn't know exactly what Ranboo's business with them was. He did know however that Ranboo was fine with them. They adored Ranboo so it would be no trouble. No trouble at all with Ranboo staying there.

Walking through the snow his head went through possibilities. Where the hell Tommy even was. He was forming a few conclusions from this.

1. He was kidnapped. Unlikely however. He knows some of the people who want to harm Tommy. He's heard them say they wouldn't give Tommy the time if their day. Which basically ruled it out. It was still a possibility however.

2. Tommy ran away. Tommy had always talked about running away from his problems. That however didn't explain why Tommy wouldn't say anything to him. Another thing was Tommy hated being alone. The only reason Tommy a while back offered to run away was because Tubbo was going to be with him. So why the hell would he go alone?

3. This one is the most likely. Tommy died. A glitch however may have stopped it from showing. It wasn't unlikely for there to be glitches. Especially now since Dream is in prison. He hated this idea. It was the most likely and the most painful.

He would be happy with the second one, if slightly angry. Tommy would be happy then. Escaping this shit hole and restarting. Or starting to heal again. He couldn't be angry if Tommy was trying to heal.

The third was horrible. He'd have to *mourn* Tommy again. He'd have to go through the pain of once again losing Tommy. He has lost Tommy so many times. He has mourned for him so many times.

He shook his head. Walking back to Tommy's house. He needed to look through it again. Maybe he missed something. Who knows he may have missed something that'd tell him exactly where Tommy was.

Reaching Tommy's house again he didn't bother knocking. Only heading inside. The quiet was deafening. Everything looking quite eerie.

With that he looked through Tommy's chest. He mainly only found garbage in there. There was also 27 blocks of diamonds? Why the hell was Tommy keeping that in the open. Whatever...

After an hour he had came across something. Tommy's L'manberg uniform... It didn't mean anything but he didn't know Tommy kept it. There were rips and the uniform was looking a bit rough. It was still there however...

He had burned his. The uniform filling with sadness. He couldn't bear looking at it.

He continued his search. Once again coming up with nothing. There was absolutely nothing. How the hell could there be nothing? There should be atleast something here.

He stood up suddenly. Walking out the house. Heading towards Las Nevdas.

If people were saying was true. Then if Tommy was to move then he would be in the forest. So that's the way he had look at.

Reaching there was a pain. There was branches everywhere. There was even some trees on the ground. There must have been the storm or something... Maybe Tommy got caught up in that?

Searching the forest left him with nothing. One place was a bit odd was the cloth that was on the floor. It looked burned. He couldn't exactly tell.

The cloth couldn't belong to anyone but Tommy. No one else had gone back here.

This is leading towards a glitched death. Tommy died but it didn't show it.. A lightning strike? Burning cloth? Everything led to that thought.

He fell to the ground. Too exhausted to stand up.

Tommy probably died. The thought bringing up tears to his eyes unwillingly.

Godammit why'd you have to leave me again Tommy?

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Tubbo stared in horror at the item in his hand. The very thing confirming Tommy's death was right in his hand.

TW suicide and the elements surrounding that

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

When Tubbo woke up he felt terrible. His head pounding. His eyes stinging as well. He was sobbing last night that explains it.

He slowly got up. Groaning in the process. His back felt sore.

Huh no wonder. He had fallen asleep on the floor. In Tommy's dirt home. Really why did Tommy even live here?

He took one last glance around the room. Frowning as once again nothing had magically appeared. Which once again has left him with nothing. Why did Tommy leave him with nothing? Tommy couldn't make it any easier.

His eyes caught on a patch of dirt. Which didn't seem to be growing grass like the others. That's weird. He didn't notice that earlier.

In a moment of suspicion he walked over to the patch. Eyeing it for a second. Before opening his inventory. Searching for his shovel, and pulling it out. He narrowed his eyes at the dirt before starting to dig.

It took him less than a second for him to find something. There was a chest covered in dirt. Huh, Tommy did have a thing for hiding things underground. Maybe this can help him find Tommy. Hopefully.

He carefully opened the chest. Blinking at what was inside.

Letters?

Tommy hated writing. A surprise that there was a *whole* chest full of them. But this could prove to be helpful.

He carefully grabbed them. Having to do two trips to get all of the letters. There was a shit ton of them. Why the hell was Tommy making so many?

He placed them on the table. Taking a seat himself. Looking at the outside of each letter. His eye catching onto one of them.

It was a nicer looking envelope. It had a stamp and had his name written on it. Was this meant for him?

He cautiously opened it. The crinkling of the paper making a nice noise. For some reason Tubbo was dreading something. He didn't know exactly what.

To Tubbo, Tubzo, Bitch boy, bee boy or whatever. This letter is meant for you. Only you for that matter.

He snorted. This was sort of relieving. The dread slowly going away.

If you've read this it means one thing. It means I'm dead.

He stared at horror in the letter in his hands. Almost letting it go. But he didn't think about that now.

He was guessing at first. Taking a guess that Tommy had died. This just confirmed it. There was no denying anything because this *letter* just said everything he needed to know. He forced himself to keep on reading.

Now you may be asking. How did I, the great Tommy Innit fall to the hands of death. I mean I am shocked as well. Actually I'm not. I'm the reason I'm dead. I killed myself if you didn't already know.

This hurt more than anything. The idea of Tommy dying hurt enough. But suicide? Tommy *killed* himself? Tommy had been going to Puffy lately. He had thought Tommy was healing or getting better. But this?

There is a lot of things I wanted to say to you. I probably didn't say them when I said goodbye. Which I regret but I can't say it to you in person. It hurts too much to even be writing this shit.

I'm writing this currently in exile. Which may I remind you, that you fucking did. Thanks a lot. Anyway getting over that. Things have been shit here. Absolute shit I must tell you Tubzo.

Tubbo paused at that. What the hell was Tommy talking about? Tommy hadn't been in exile for like a year. If Tommy died just recently then what is he talking about here?

You're the only thing keeping me going. Also maybe Ranboo but that's something he can find out in his letter. But as I was saying in exile I prided myself in knowing that you always did the right thing. So no matter angry I am that you did the write thing. Probably.

Ranboo had a letter as well. He took a quick glance to the other letters. So then Tommy wrote one to everyone? Oh god that hurt even more.

You haven't visited me. At all for that matter. I know you were mad at me but why aren't you visiting me? Dream told me it was because you didn't need me. That you were better off without me. Wilbur had said the same thing to me back at our time in Pogtopia.

Just the reminder of Tommy's exile brought a pang to his heart. That subject has been something the both of them refused to talk about. They had a brief apology. But nothing other than that.

Now you may be wondering why I killed myself. God that is weird to say. Anyway I did it because I'm so tired Tubbo. I'm so angry too. I'm tired of trying to be angry. Things are just getting difficult for me.

The part of Tommy explaining was going to kill him. He doesn't know if he can handle reading that. But he has no choice. He has to keep on reading.

I can't get up in the morning. I can't find it in myself to even move. I can't talk sometimes. I don't light up torches anymore. I don't care that there are mobs. I let things attack on me. Which I don't understand why I'm doing it? Why am I?

He tried to ignore the stinging in his eyes. Tried to ignore the clenching of his fist.

I only wrote these because I don't want to be forgotten. That may already be too late then. But if you ever come here to Logshedshire and don't find me, this letter explains what happened to me.

I'm so sorry for everything that I've done to you. Sorry that I've made everything so much worse. I wanted to tell you I love you because you're my bestfriend. Have I ever even told you that? Have I told you that you meant the world to me. Know that you're what has been keeping me going for so long. But I'm afraid this is the end.

P.S. Just like many others have said before me. It was never meant to be.

Love, Tommy your dear friend.

Signed by TommyInnit one year ago...

His tears stopped at the last sentence. That's impossible... Tommy had just died?

The tower he saw a year ago went to his mind... Was this letter suppose to explain that? When Tommy turned out to be alive he had thought that the tower was just to throw him off. That'd explain why Tommy was saying he was in exile.

He took a shaky breath in. It's alright. Tommy is still alive. These letters weren't even from this time. There is no need to worry about it. Tommy is just missing. He isn't dead.

That didn't stop the hurt however. Because Tommy did try. Tommy was in *this* much pain and he didn't know. He only started finding out when Tommy was revived. That was when he tried to show Tommy he cared.

How long has Tommy felt that way?

He glanced to the other letters in the pile. What is he suppose to do with these? Give them to people? Would Tommy want that? Tommy is still alive though. It'd be just misleading if he gave them to the people.

He clenched his fist before gathering the letters. Rushing them over to his enderchest. Slamming the chest shut.

It doesn't matter. They were going to find Tommy. There was no need to send any of that.

He ignored that tears that fell.

Chapter End Notes

To be clear since this might be confusing. The letters are something Tommy wrote in the past. Tommy had wrote the letter while he was in exile. So cue Tubbo being confused.

I'll be honest I don't know why I wrote this. I'm very sad and I wanted to write something sad. If this chapter doesn't work to well then I'll be removing it and then just making it a oneshot.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!